

Shades Of Cool by Goodonesgo

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Relationships: Billy Hargrove/Original Female Character(s), Billy Hargrove/You

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Summary:

You see, you have this little problem with idealism. You also tend to romanticize what you want and what's truly in front of you. You loved to feel alive and he gave you that, you wanted him more than ever.

Shortcut Summery: Reader isn't fooled by Billy's behavior in fact she's annoyed by it and does an awful job at keeping him away. They develop an unlikely friendship and due to the events that occur in their lives they become closer. Seeking refuge within each other. Eventually she falls for him but life is not always that simple.

1. Shades Of Cool

Author's Note:

In no way am I excusing Billy's behavior on the show. We can come from bad places but we don't need to treat people badly. There will be implied abuse that will factor into the story and in no way do I want to glorify it. This story is about falling in love when you're a teenager and you think life sucks. Remember those times? Those dark ugly ass days.

In my notes I originally wrote this as my summery:

BILLY

IDK

EVERYBODY LOVES A misunderstood BAD BOY they can redeem with their love right? i mean yeah

I feel like Billy is the boy lana del rey writes about in her songs am i right?

When you moved to the little town called Hawkins or as you called it '*bum fuck nowhere*' your arrival became a *thing*. You had always seen it in the movies when a new person moved to these small towns they automatically became talked about. You just never thought it would happen to you. You never thought anyone would take interest in you. Not to say you weren't interesting but out of all the towns you've moved in an out of it was never a big deal. You guessed it was east coast thing. You never thought it was a big deal when new people arrived in your old town. Your family moved around the tri-state. You lived in Connecticut, New York and New Jersey. Hawkins was something you've never seen before. You actually thought the population was probably 500 or less.

The first day of school had you anxious as always. You felt honestly insecure, so you did what you usually do. You strutted your way into the school, your anxiety was kicking in harder. But you always tried to hide it, so you carried your fake confidence proudly worn on your face and your new clothes. You would fake it till it was real. You did

get a real confident booster when you pulled up in the student parking lot in your dads 1965 White Mustang.

When you headed to the main office to get your schedule, the secretary told you to sit on a brown chair next to another student.

“Welcome to the small town of boring people,” the person next to you said quietly. His voice was a bit deep and rich like dark chocolate.

“What? Are you talking to me?”

Before he replied, someone stepped in front of you.

“Hey, new girl right? I’m Steve, I’m suppose to show you around.”

The person next to you glanced up at Steve with a glare and Steve walked out of the office expecting you to follow him. The school was decently small compared to your old high school. Remembering the rooms and hallways shouldn’t be a problem. When the bell rang the empty hallway you were being escorted in filled with students and you couldn’t help but notice people staring at the both of you. You quickly glanced up at Steve to see if it was him.

“Don’t worry, it’s cause you’re new. Where are you from again?”

“Everywhere. Well mostly the east coast. The last state we lived in was New Jersey.”

“Oh like Springsteen?”

You let out a small laugh. “Yeah like Springsteen.”

Steve walked you to your first class, you slightly peaked in the doorway and everyone’s eyes look dull and bored. Steve went up to the teacher to say something. “This is where I leave you,” he said smiling as he exited the room. As you walked in front of the classroom, just as you hated, everyone’s face looked up at you. To make matters worse the teacher actually wanted you to introduce yourself. After what felt like eternity the teacher assigned you to sit at the only empty desk. As you got adjusted trying to keep up with the teacher’s monotone teaching, you prayed for the day to go by faster.

You stared idly at the paper on your desk before you felt a pair of eyes on you. In the corner of your eye you saw someone actually staring at you. You do a full turn and quietly asked, “Can I help you?”

The boy just grinned at your question. "You look bored. I told you, small town. Boring people," he said.

You gave him a full observation, you recognized that voice from the main office. He was dressed in double diem with a pack of cigarettes poking out of his jacket's front pocket. "You mind if I bum a cig?"

You weren't really a smoker. You more likely would call yourself a 'casual smoker' but you were so silently stressed out over moving and seeing his fresh cigarette carton poke out, really got you craving. His eyebrows perked up and to your surprise he isn't stingy. He takes a single cigarette out of his case and scribbles something on it before passing it to you. "Do you want it?"

You ignore his question, taking it quickly to inspect the cigarette, it had his name 'Billy' and what you assume was his number on it.

You let out a quiet laugh as you put the cigarette in your pocket sacredly. You didn't want to crush it. The day went by like a long drag. Once that final bell rang you began walking to your car. You noticed that guy Billy inspecting it, he noticed your presence right away.

"Nice car," he said before heading back to his own car where a small group of girls gathered by. He chatted with them for a short minute. You inspected your dad's car to make sure nothing was damaged. Was this guy fucking with you or what? You watched as Billy and the girls around him exchanged grins and laughter. It was as if he knew your eyes were on him, because he turned around.

What's his problem? You took that cigarette he gave you out of your pocket, lit it and took a quick drag before tossing it on the ground to make a strong response while he watched you. With one stomp the smoke was out, you got in your car and drove away. You watched his reflection in your rearview mirror. He looked puzzled and amused by your statement.

When you got home, you couldn't stop thinking about him. Even through dinner and through your nighttime skin care routine, he stayed on your mind. He had such a smug grin when he was talking to those girl and they smiled at everything he said like he was *actually* charming. "**He seems like a dick,**" you said to yourself. He probably wanted to make you one of his groupies. Yet as you laid in bed his dumb smug face lingered on your mind.

The next day you *almost* froze as you walked into class. There Billy was sitting in his desk, surrounded by girls who weren't even in your class. As the bell rang, they ran out and you were able to sit at your desk. You focused on what the teacher was saying despite his boring monotone voice.

"Okay guys, I want you to find a partner to work with. I'll write the text passages you have to read and review on the board. Please study them."

As girls began approaching Billy, he put his hands up. "Sorry, but Miss Puddin Pie asked me to be her partner," he said as he glanced at you.

What the fuck? You took a deep breathe and rolled your eyes. *Was he serious?* What made him think you wanted to be his partner? Wasn't it obvious that you weren't interested. You basically lit his number on fire with that little cigarette he gave you and threw it on the ground.

"First of all, don't call me that. I have a name. Secondly, why would I want to be your partner?"

"You're new, you don't know anyone... I'm a genius," he said as he pulled his desk right closer to yours.

"Doubt that."

"*You're so sweet,*" he said sarcastically as he opened up his text book.

You looked up at the board and began writing down the pages you have to read onto your notebook. You felt a tickle of breath close to your ear. It was Billy leaning in and you just froze at the sensational closeness. "Don't be fooled by my boyish charm I've got brains too." You give him an automatic side eye. "Are you serious?"

The two of you spent the next thirty minutes of class actually doing work. From time to time Billy would poke you or did whatever he

thought was cute. Boy did he try hard to make you giggle. Too bad it didn't work because you thought he was annoying. When the bell rang you got up, picking up your things and Billy waited for you. "We should study. How bout I stop by your house?"

You closed your eyes slightly irritated but before you could open your mouth to say '*no, never, leave me alone*' your monotone teacher butt in.

"That's sounds like a great idea, Billy can help you catch up with what we already went over."

You felt annoyed but decided to brush it off. The day went by like a breeze after that. You attempted to talk to some of the girls in your classes but all they kept mouthing about was *Billy and how hot he was and how his ass looked great*. You already needed a break from this dude. It seems you couldn't escape him or the guys that would come up to you. They would attempt to hit on you. Freaks, geeks, and athletic douche bags. You suddenly felt like Molly Ringwalds character in Sixteen Candles when she's sitting on the bus with bunch of freaks each time someone would come up to you.

When you walked out to the student parking lot you felt even better to breathe the fresh air and you were dying to drive fast out of there in your father's car. But something- no, someone was leaning against your car with yet another small group of girls. When you got closer you heard his voice and you knew who it was.

"Excuse me ladies, but I gotta talk to my study partner." The girls looked your way and walked pass you, clinging arm to arm with whispers and grins.

"You are so lame," you said as you threw your bag and books into the passenger seat. Yup you went there, you said it and you didn't care.

"So we gonna study or what?" He stood in front of you expecting an answer.

"Wow, you're so charming." You open your car door, getting in and

looked at him. You thought he'd give you a glare for your sarcasm but he just smirked.

"Ugh. Fine. Follow my car."

"You are one bossy girl. I kind of like it," Billy winked at you before walking to his car. Why was he playing this game with you? You knew you'd regret having him come over but something inside you was curious. Even though you know curiosity killed the cat.

2. No Angel

Summary for the Chapter:

I'm really bad at summarizing.

When you pulled up to your house no one's home. No one would be home until 5:30. Billy got out of his car, his eyes marveled at your brand new house. "Nice, right?"

You walked to your front door unlocking it. It must of been the biggest house on the block. "Mom and Stepdad are really subtle aren't they?"

Billy caught the hint of shade you threw at them. The house was still unpacked. There were a lot unopened boxes everywhere.

"You can sit over there," you said as you pointed at your living room. Your dogs came to up to greet the both of you.

"What do your parents do?" Billy asked as he reached down and eagerly pet them.

"Well my mom sort of branches her company to different regions in the country and you know what? It's fucking boring." You caught Billy as he let out a chuckle. "All I know is my stepdad retired early when he met my mom and then decided to work at her company and now we're here." You grabbed two water bottles from the kitchen and passed one to Billy when you went to sit down.

"Kind of boring right?"

"I don't think so," Billy said. You began taking your text book out of your bag and placed it on the coffee table. You looked up to notice Billy didn't bring a single notebook with him inside. Which he then said, "I didn't think we were actually going to study, I usually don't get to that part."

You sat up. "You're kind of jerk, aren't you?"

Billy leaned back onto your couch in amazement as you went off.

"You can leave" you said shortly. You didn't want to deal with any

kind of bullshit because you wanted to start fresh at this new school. “I thought you said you were a genius?”

“Calm down, I just wanted to know what you were all about,” Billy said with a grin. “I said, *I usually don’t get to that part*, I didn’t say I wouldn’t help you.” You tried to compose yourself and chill out. You sat back, opening your text book when Billy jump to his feet and began walking around your living room. His feet moved from each photo frame your mom had put up on the wall. The living room was still unfinished like the rest of the house.

“Who’s this guy? He looks cool,” he pointed out a photo of your father.

You look up to see which photo it was. “That’s my dad, I’m actually surprised there’s a photo of him at all.”

“Why’s that?” Billy continued to look at the photos placed around the room. “My mother isn’t fond of keeping any photos of him around the house,” you said.

“Where is he now?” You were surprised at how interested Billy seemed in your family photos and why he kept asking questions about them. Was he just trying to get more information out of you or was he trying to get to know you?

“He’s dead,” you said almost too casually which caught Billy’s attention.

His eyes landed on yours with probably so many questions in his mind. “I’m sorry-”

You interrupted him, “Don’t be. He was alcoholic, he spent all his money, my mother’s money, even my savings on beer. He died when I was thirteen.”

Billy eyes were fixed on you, his gaze was piercing and you wanted it to stop. You could feel yourself become hot and tears gather behind your eyes but you don’t show it. This was unusual for you because years had passed and you were at an age where you could talk about these things casually but something about the way Billy stared at you, triggered mixed emotions. Tears don’t fall and you hold it all together, shaking your head as if you were fine. You hoped Billy

doesn't notice a single thing.

"My step dad's cool though. He doesn't drink at all. Him and mom are both hippies turn cooperate. If that makes any sense? I guess we all grow up sometimes. They still act like complete hippies at home. They don't really notice anything I do." You couldn't deny the feeling of being vulnerable under his watch and you hated to feel like you were something to feel sorry about.

"So, you said you were a genius. Are you gonna prove it or what?"

Billy grinned and for the next couple of hours you both studied until it got dark. You were surprised at how focused he was, with his unbutton shirt and his pack of cigarettes sticking out of his pocket. He just didn't seem the type. You felt relieved when he stopped asking you personal questions. Maybe he was a boy who actually understood what boundaries are?

Your studying was interrupted by a phone call. It was your mom and stepdad they had said they were working overtime and would be home late. So of course that meant you had to order a pizza or have popcorn and bottled water for dinner because there was nothing at your house. When the food came, you offered Billy some but he seemed ready to leave. He was pretty quiet after all that investigating, he didn't even say a smart-ass comment or tried to annoy you.

"See ya later partner," was all he said when he left.

The next couple of days you really tried understanding Hawkins and the people in it. It was relatively quiet and most places closed by 8pm or 9pm. You began missing the days where you'd skip school and hop on the train to the city for fun. Or simple pleasures like attending concerts at Madison Square Garden with your friends. Even though you started your week late, Friday couldn't come sooner. But what were your weekend plans exactly? Study? Dance to 'Come On Eileen' on repeat? Play with the dogs?

Even mom and stepdad had more interesting plans than you. They

were headed up to a nearby city for work related... What did they say it was? A conference? A convention? Either way, it was another weekend alone, maybe you should try to unpack the boxes in your house. Your mind snapped out of the clouds when you heard Billy's loud friend come up to him.

"Ya coming to the party tonight man? Total rage-er."

You didn't know why but you couldn't stop rolling your eyes whenever this kid talked and he talked a lot. He was annoying but a friend of Billy's. I guess that says something. You went back to doodling circles onto your notebook when Billy leaned in and caught your attention. "Hey, you should come to this party," he said.

"Hmm, I might have to pass," you replied. It wasn't that you weren't a party type person. In fact at your old school that's all you did during summer vacation. But it became too much and everything began escalating too fast. In your mothers own words, '*You were spiraling out of control*' to the point of no return. Where you had to pull yourself back from all of it. You didn't want to disappoint your mother again, she's been through enough and you didn't make it better.

However, you still wanted to have a little fun. Maybe this little town had a different side you wanted to explore.

"Oh like you got better plans? With who?" That made you laugh a bit and Billy smiled when you laughed at him.

"Maybe."

He passed you a paper with an address on it and a time. "Think about it."

When you got home you greeted your dogs and heated some leftovers. "*Is this who've I've become? I used to be slightly more interesting than this!*"

You looked over at your dogs who could't care less of what you said to yourself. You knew your old party ways had to stop and you were

relieved that it happened before you moved to Hawkins. You remember the time your mom sent you away for the summer to stay at your aunts. You and your cousin would party every night during the week and the weekend. You always had to make everyone remember you. You needed to make sure they did. So you were wild but you felt a sense of freedom that didn't exist before. You remember the time you would steal expensive booze from house parties, smoke weed for free, and shoplift for thrills. But you promised to clean up your act when you moved to Hawkins. Your mom kept telling you '*this is a new start*' a '*clean slate*' but there was something about being clean from any recreational fun that made you a little nauseous sometimes.

It wasn't exactly like you were a bad person. You were a good person, you just look for fun in the wrong places sometimes. You were meaning to change that. This time it would be different because now you felt like you had control.

You sat around for 20 minutes doing nothing but playing with your empty plate.

“Fuck it,” you said to yourself. You went upstairs to throw on your nicely fitted ‘outside of school’ clothes before finally jumping in your car. It’s not exactly that you were looking to party hard but you needed friends right?

“I need friends,” you reassured yourself as you fixed your hair in the mirror, and it’s not like you wanted to get wasted. You were driving and your parents kept the house stocked if needed be. Yes, despite your crazy wild phase, the adults in your life still trusted you because they knew there was still a lot of good left within you.

You drove down the street the party was on, reassured you were in the right place. There were cars lined down the street and a lot of people hanging outside the house but you managed to find a spot across the street in front. As you walked in the house you saw kegs, cans of beer in buckets full of ice, drunk girls and boys. You walked around before grabbing a beer, you knew would probably taste like water to you. It was pretty crowded and you said ‘Hi’ to the girls in your class who then pulled you outside with them. Apparently everyone was doing keg stands. You watch the group of guys cheer the current guy on the keg like he was a god.

It's just a keg. This wasn't new or interesting to you maybe because it was the same thing at every other high school party. Or maybe because this small town is really boring after all. You were about to walk away from the crowd when you notice the once upside person on the keg was Billy. He spots you right away. His smug grin amused you. Were you suppose to be impressed or something?

"Why hello," he said in such slow, deep, tone. It was kind of hot.

Wait, what are you saying? Snap out of it, you broke your eye contact with him. Taking a step back, you noticed his signature look. The top three buttons of his shirt were undone. "Can I get you a drink?"

"I have one," you raised your beer up a little to show him.

"A better drink," he smirked.

"Sure."

Billy disappeared into the crowed and back into the house. You were sure he wasn't going to return because he seemed really tipsy and you knew better than to wait on a boy. You looked around to find the girls but you saw them follow Billy into the house. You began walking across the street to your car for fresh air and to find your lipstick so you reapply it on for good measure. When you were done you decided to take a moment to yourself but in the corner of your eye you saw something. Someone was sitting in the car in font of yours and you felt your heart jump. As you observed the person from a small distance and began recognizing their features. It was Steve Harrington.

"You know you look *really* creepy dude," you said loud enough for him to hear you.

"Oh hey, Springsteen, I guess I do," Steve seem to laugh at himself a bit and then sort of zoned out.

"What are you doing?"

"I can ask you the same question," he said as he got out of his car.

"This party's pretty lame," you said.

"Yeah," Steve simply agreed.

You both leaned up against his car in silence as you both watched the party from a distance. Steve seemed pretty quiet and to himself which was the complete opposite of what you heard from the girls in your class. Apparently Steve was the golden-boy-future-prom-king type but right now he stuck you as the opposite.

"I saw you talking to Billy," he turned to you and your eyes perked in surprise. "Fair warning, he's crazy."

You sort of chuckled at his words thinking that Steve would break out into a laugh as well but he didn't. "Why do you say that?"

"We got into a fight this past November," he said.

You kind of looked for a hint of comedy in Steve's facial expression but there wasn't any. He wasn't joking but you knew that guys particularly fight over dumb things. "I guess I'll just have to see for myself," you said.

You grabbed Steve's wrist looking at the time on his watch. It was only 11pm and you already wanted to go home? That was confirmation enough that this party was lame even Steve drove off. But before you decided to leave, you went inside to say goodbye to the girls. Once in the house the, girls were scatter around the living room and it took you a lot longer to say bye to them.

You need friends. You reminded yourself again. When you walked out of the house you noticed a lot of people were just drunk as hell and in the corner of your eye you noticed one drunk sitting on the porch bench all alone. It was Billy, he was slouched and his eyes seemed closed. You figured you had nothing to lose so you went up to him.

"So where's my drink?" You said as clear as daylight. Billy seemed a little conscious, raising his head a bit and blinked his eyes in acknowledgement. You looked around to see if any of Billy's friends were around but they weren't. If they were, they were probably just as shit faced as him. He looked messed up and in your mind the last thing you wanted was for him to get behind the wheel of his car. It became too common for you to hear about people your own age dying in car accidents and it even happened to a friend of yours at your old school. The guilt begins to set in as you debated whether or not to leave him here or help him get home.

“Shit,” you said.

Despite being smaller than Billy you managed to have him hang onto you as you pulled him to your car. You helped him get in the passenger seat and he was passed out like a baby. Years of doing this for your own girl friends back home helped you gain some muscles in your arms but not enough to carry Billy. He was heavy as hell even if he didn’t look it.

You began tapping Billy but that didn’t wake him up. So then you gently patted his cheek. Still nothing. “Billy..... What’s your address?”

This time you slapped his chest. “Billy, what’s your address!?” You asked loudly and in a tone your mother would use on you.

“Can’t... go.. home. Trouble,” he managed to say.

You knew from your old party days that it was never a good idea to bring home a drunk friend unless you were feeling completely helpless and freaking the fuck out. In this case you had no choice because you didn’t know where Billy lived and it was dark. This town was still unfamiliar to you, road wise and the town of Hawkins somehow didn’t believe in having street lights on these dark back roads. So you drove him to your house knowing you were taking a big leap anyway. You were lucky that your mom and stepdad were out of town. As you tried to help Billy into your house, your inner panic mode slowed down.

“*You got this,*” you said to yourself trying to reassure yourself that you were doing the right thing. You went over all the things you could of possibly done to avoid this moment. Honestly, you could of just stayed home. Or take Billy to the hospital or left him at the party. Billy was completely knocked out and the last thing you wanted to do was get him in trouble or somehow betray Billy by leaving him there. The guilt would have been too much. You managed to get him in the house, now it was time to get him up the flight of stairs.

“*Oh come on mom, who needs this many stairs?*” The flight of stairs reminded you of the house in the movie, Gone With The Wind, not saying your house looked that nice. But the many steps you had to take, were completely unnecessary for a girl who hates to exercise.

At one point, you had Billy rested on the stairs quite comfortably and you almost left him there too. Another five minutes and you managed to pull him to a spare bedroom upstairs. You helped him lay on his side and got him a waste basket incase he was the throw up type. You got him a water from downstairs and placed it on the night stand before shutting the light off.

“Are you an angel?” You heard Billy’s drunken question as you were about to close the door.

“No.”

Notes for the Chapter:

I feel like this chapter was longer than I intended it to be anyways enjoy. I have so many chapters outlined. :)

3. What's Wrong With Billy

The next morning you woke up to find your spare room empty. You guessed that sometime during the night and early morning Billy left without a sound. You wondered if he was alright or if had a killer hangover. Also, did he walk home? You spent your the next two days of your weekend wondering what happened to Billy but also studying for test on Monday.

When Monday came, you pulled into the student parking lot and you saw Billy get of his Camaro. This time you saw a short redhead girl with him, you assumed she was his sister. They must of exchanged some heated words because she slammed the door and stomped away. The day dragged like all Mondays did. You sat through your classes hoping time would go by faster. When you had class with Billy, he didn't say a word to you. You didn't even attempt to say 'hi' either. Maybe he was embarrassed that you basically took care of him. He could of at least said thank you.

When school was over, you didn't know what possessed you to do it but you decided you were going to confront Billy. You waited for him by his car, you were actually surprised by the lack of girls that surrounded it. It was just you. As you waited for Billy you noticed his confident stride wasn't so apparent anymore. He walked to his car watching his steps on the ground, he didn't even notice you at first but when he looked up he returned to usual self.

"Don't tell me you're waiting on little ol' me," Billy said with a smirk. You waited for him to walk closer to you before you asked him, "What happened to you?"

Billy looked away from you, seeming to avoid your question. "What? You worried about me or something?"

If he was going to be acting this way you didn't want to deal with it. "You know what? Forget it," you said shortly, turning to walk away but Billy caught you by your wrist. You glanced at his hand, it wasn't so tight so you were able to pull it away from him. You just stood

there confused. What's is wrong with him? Why does he act this way?

"Thank you," he said quietly, his eyes looked around making sure no one was ease dropping.

With a simple thank you your mood changed a little bit. "You didn't have to leave, my parents were gone for the weekend. I would of drove you to your car. Did you walk?"

"I just felt like... After what you told me... about your dad and then you took care of me. You didn't have to," he said. You quickly realized how he felt. Probably embarrassed. You tried to make him feel at ease by saying, "Don't worry. I'm used to doing stuff like that."

You both stood there kind of awkwardly. Maybe you told him too much the other day. You never really talked about your father so casually to people who didn't already know about your past situations. Maybe it rubbed him the wrong way. "I don't even know where you live, that's why I took you with me."

"Well why don't you come over? It's not a palace like your place but," Billy stopped talking as he noticed the same redhead girl from this morning, walk up to his car. His tone became quiet as he watched her get in the car.

"Is that your sister?"

"She's not my sister," he said shortly. The girl gave him a short glare.
"She's my stepsister. Max."

Obviously you were missing out on some secret language going on between Max and Billy but you felt awkward and decided to introduced yourself to her with a wave. You leaned down looking at her as she sat in his car. "Nice to meet you Max. I love your hair," you said trying to defuse the tension.

"She seems nice," Max said to Billy before turning her head to look out the window.

"So, come over, maybe we can do more studying," Billy said. Now you weren't sure if studying meant actual studying or if he was trying to hook up with you. But you were so god damn curious about him. His behavior was full of this unspoken energy, you wanted to get to know him more, even if all you had to offer him was your friendship.

“Kay,” you agreed, nodding your head and Billy instructed you to follow his car.

Billy’s house was a perfectly acceptable size house. Maybe he got the wrong impression of you. Yeah you lived in a nice house but it wasn’t always like that. Your family had their struggles and when your dad passed away, life turned around for your family. Financially speaking. There wasn’t someone draining every penny on beer, so that helped. Your mom acted as a single mother for so long before your dad passed away and she started from the very bottom of her company. She deserved what she wanted even if you thought the house was ridiculous itself and even though it brought a misconception about your own class status. You never saw things that way and you didn’t care if people judge your family.

“Your house is cute,” you said to Billy, as you got out of your car. Max walked straight into the house on her own and disappeared. When you went inside Billy gave you a quick house tour before showing you to his room. You got comfortable right away, setting yourself up on his bed with your books. I guess Billy became your first friend here at Hawkins, you wondered if you were making the right choice.

As you open your book, Billy plopped right next to you. You started reading a text from the homework you were assigned and Billy just stared at you. It was something you started to notice. He just stares until you say something.

“Why are you always looking at me?” You said defensively which caused Billy to laugh.

“I don’t know,” he simply said. He opened your notebook and began reading your notes, noticing your doodles. “Nice drawings.”

“I can’t help it, Mr. Monotone is really boring,” you said. Billy laughed again but this time he moved a lock of your hair behind your ear and when you side eyed him he focused his eyes on your notebook. After two hours of actual studying Billy got up from sitting next to you to stretch. “I think that’s enough.”

"How come you don't really say much about yourself?" Billy sat on his computer chair across from his bed observing you. You furrowed your eyebrows but decided to return the question. "How come *you* don't say much about *yourself*?" "Whenever a girl's around me, all they want to do is blab about themselves and hope I remember what they said later."

"And I'm guessing you're too into yourself to care?"

He let out chuckle, followed by a grin. "Maybe or maybe they weren't interesting to me."

In a swift minute Billy gets up and walks over to you. He pushed your school stuff out of the way and his hand traveled to the back of your neck as he slowly pulled you forward into a kiss. You don't stop him, you welcomed his lips by parting your own and in seconds your tongues found each other.

You both were so deeply into each other's kiss you seemed to have not noticed the escalating sounds of knocking until it was a bang. You pulled away from Billy and looked at the door. "Whaaaaatttt????!!!" Billy groaned in annoyance.

Max opened the door a little. "Can you take me to the arcade?"

Another groan slips out through his lips. "I can take you," you said. "I have to go anyways."

"Okay," she agreed. Max walked out and you could hear her open the front door to wait outside.

"That was nice," you said and it was exactly that. A soft kiss in Billy's bedroom with an innocent touch.

You grabbed your belongings before scurrying out of there. "I'll see you tomorrow."

Billy was a loss for words. He seemed like he wanted the kiss to last a lot longer.

You started driving in the direction towards the arcade, the one near your house. Max seemed like a really quiet girl, she had brought her skateboard with her and wore a zip up hoodie and jeans. The ride

was quiet and you weren't sure whether or not you should be overly friendly to her. Maybe she isn't the type to warm up to people fast, especially a stranger like yourself.

"He's crazy, you know?" Max broke her silence.

"What?"

"You shouldn't get too close to him," she said, glancing out the car window.

"What makes you say that?"

"He's a jerk," she says adamantly. "I don't let him mess with me anymore and he doesn't."

"*What's that suppose to mean?*"

Everything Max said to you came as a surprise. You really weren't expecting something like that from a quiet girl. When you stopped in front of the arcade Max still didn't give you an answer. Did she want you to see for myself? Why is it that Steve Harrington as well as Max labeled Billy as crazy? None of the girls in your grade said anything negative about him, in fact they all wanted to get with him

." "Thanks for the ride," Max said and she got out of your car.

When you got home, you collapsed in bed and stared at your ceiling. What Max said to you really bothered you. She must have some inside information on Billy. After all, they did live together. Either that or she really doesn't like her step brother. You sort of started to become anxious. That was two warnings from two very different people that obviously shared a dislike for Billy. You actually started to worry more because you knew you had a habit of becoming close to people who weren't good for you. Somehow you attracted the stays but you never saw that as a bad thing. You just made friends with all people from different walks of life. It made your life feel more interesting. So if Billy was 'crazy' you wanted to see it for yourself.

4. 911 / Mr. Lonely

When you walked into school the next day your mind couldn't shake the brief conversation you had with Max. Your thoughts were so focused on that one moment in time, that you had almost forgotten about the kiss you shared with Billy. It was nice but it was just a friendly kiss to you. When you walked down the hallway towards your locker, you passed Billy. He was leaned up against someone's locker, talking to a girl. You could tell in that passing moment with the smirk that curled on his lips, he was flirting with her. You shook your head amused. That boy was a player. Absolutely charming to females which made him dangerous. But there was nothing for you to worry about. Billy was just a friend and there was no way he'd become more. Charming guys were hard to trust in general.

For some reason when the Winter holidays pass every day becomes slower, darker and even the weather becomes dryer from the cold air. You've must of spent a majority of your school days staring at the large clock that hung above each door way. "Okay class, pick a partner for your project," Mr. Monotone said loudly for once, which woke you up from your day dreams about the bell ringing and class ending.

When you glanced around you didn't even have to look towards his direction to notice Billy was staring straight at you. It was as if you just knew he'd ask. "Partner?"

"Fine," you agreed.

You don't mention anything to Billy about Max or about the kiss. You pretend it didn't happen for now. It wasn't the right place to be talking about it. The last thing you wanted was an unwelcome eavesdropper. You had notice that small towns were extremely catty. You wanted to get to know Billy more whether you realized this or not. But you wanted to do it, in your own way.

It was as if actual working made the period go by faster because the bell finally rang. "Do you have lunch or a free period during sixth?"

Billy asked.

“Yeah, why?”

“Meet me in the library... For our project,” he said.

When it was finally sixth period you entered the library looking for Billy. You were surprised that he even initiated at all because even though Billy was truly undercover smart he didn’t strike you as the type of person to care about school work. You had friends back home who were like that. Extremely smart and talented but also didn’t feel the need to show for it or cared to show for it. You began looking around for Billy and spotted him sitting alone at a big round table. You walked towards him and he greeted you with a smile.

“Well I’m surprised,” you said.

“Why?”

“I thought you were kidding,” you said, putting your books down along with your bag. You sat next to Billy and before you even opened your text book the same girl that Billy was talking to, from this morning walked up to you two. Except she didn’t acknowledge you, her eyes were fixed on Billy.

“Hey Billy,” she said, you could tell she was trying to come off sultry. Billy grinned like he always does and stared back at her. You didn’t get it. Billy was cool and all but you still didn’t get it. Why did girls fawn over him like he was the baddest boy in school?

“Sooo my parents are gonna be gone Thursday night. I was wondering if you want to come over,” she said and you had to contain your giggling because you were unsure of what you were watching unfold in front of you. “We have a hot tub,” she added.

“*Oh, really?*” Billy was wildly grinning at her. She nodded, holding her books to her chest, smiling back at Billy. You didn’t even want to hear the rest of what was happening in front of you because as a third party, you felt awkward. But at the same time you couldn’t get up and leave.

“That’s too bad. I have to work on my project all week,” he said. Both you and the girl were taken back by his rejection. That was easy ass

for him and he passed it up to work on the project? Sometimes you felt like you've finally figured Billy out in your mind, only for him to throw you off like that. The girl looked flustered and then a little annoyed. Her eyes land on you and you widen your own to show her how surprised you were as well before she stormed away.

"That's kind of harsh," you said. "She seemed *soooo* into you," you teased, lightly pushing Billy's arm but Billy seem to ignore your joke. You then suggested a variety of topics to do your joint project on but Billy seemed less focused on your words. It was as if he in his own little thought bubble and you went on talking about the project.

"My dad says have to be serious about school. That I have to care about something so I don't have time for that," he interrupted your rambling.

For the whole week Billy took up a majority of your time. You both worked on your joint project during your free period and then he would come over after school to do the project. He'd show up as his playful self until you both had to do work. You've never seen him so serious about trying to get a good grade. When you both finally finished the project, you expected Billy to stop showing up to your house the day after presentation. But he kept showing up, spending more and more time at your place. Doing his homework or just talking to you about nothing. You spent almost everyday for the next two weeks with Billy. He had found every excuse used to come over. He even mentioned that he would help you unbox or help you catch up on your school work. Sometimes you'd catch him watching you as you did your homework or asking you questions to things he already knew the answer to. It seems you finally made a decent friend in Hawkins.

One day as you were both sitting in the your living room you couldn't help but observe him. Billy had a lot of '*friends*' and a lot of girls who wanted to be more than his friend so why did he keep showing up at your house?

“Why are you always around me?”

Billy’s eyes moved from the TV to yours, “I like your company.”

“Are you lonely?” You never meant to be so confrontational but you couldn’t help it. It was part of your personality. You always needed to know the answer to everything. You knew from experience, that often the people who allude popularity by being outrageous, wild, and loud were often the loneliest people. Even when they were surrounded by many admirers or fake friends.

“Are you???” Billy chuckled which made you feel relieved because most people become defensive when they hear such questions. You knew he wasn’t going to share anything personal, unless you did first. “Sometimes I am but I don’t see it as a bad thing though. I like being alone. I’ve gotten used to being alone.”

“I can keep you company,” Billy said with that proud smirk.

“Who said I needed it?” You laughed reassuring Billy you were kidding. “Plus you have a home of your own full of people to keep you company. I’m sure.”

“A house is not a home,” he said quietly under his breath but you didn’t catch it clearly.

You weren’t exactly sure if that’s what he really said because your conversation was interrupted by the phone. It was your mom. Late again. Working over time at the company, so that means you have to make your own dinner tonight and take care of the dogs. When you got off the phone you notice Billy was gone. You walked around to notice him standing outside on the back porch lighting a cigarette and decided to join him. You didn’t know why you wanted to be in his presence or keep him company too. He seemed so hidden despite being around you all the time. You knew there was more than what you could see. You went outside, watching Billy take a long drag from his cigarette.

“Didn’t anyone ever tell you smoking is bad?” You gently took the cigarette out of his mouth and placed it between your own lips taking a quick drag before passing back to him. You gazed at the dead grass and empty trees. Winter created a grayness and being in Hawkins illuminated it. You never noticed before when you lived in other states on the east coast, everything seemed dull and then like a tickle

of heat you felt Billy staring at you.

"You never talked about our kiss," he said.

"We kissed and it was nice but it was just a kiss," you said trying to reassure your own thoughts out loud but Billy didn't seem to take it as a lighthearted reassurance like you did.

"What time is it?" He checked the watch on his wrist before walking down the steps of your porch and turning the corner of your house.

"I gotta go, can't be late," he said before pacing himself toward the front of your house.

You stood there kind of taken back by Billy's sudden rush into leaving. You didn't know why you felt weird. Did he have you misunderstood or something? You weren't gonna be one of his groupies. You had plenty of guy friends before where you could hold their hand, cuddle them and even kiss them sometimes and let it be harmless or lighthearted. Most guys your age didn't want commitment or anything serious. So what was that? Why did he just leave so abruptly? Was it you?

When the weekend came, you didn't expect Billy to come over this time. You were sure he'd spend it with his family or do whatever he did when you weren't around. You weren't exactly sure what he does in his spare time either? You assumed it was guy stuff. He had no reason to show up and then your doorbell rang. Your stepdad answered the door and you got up from the living room to take a peak at who it was. Your eyes widen when you saw Billy. Instead of looking nervous around your stepdad he shook his hand firmly and asked for you. Your stepdad welcomes Billy into the house and then your mom comes out. Great! They are thrilled to see that you've made a friend and you feel so embarrassed. You could feel your cheeks become red from heat.

Billy somehow ice skates past them flawlessly. He came off charming which was exactly how he was with everyone. It was like he had became a proper young man who doesn't do keg stands at parties and

gets so drunk that *this girl*. Yeah, I'm talking about you. Had to take him home, carry him up the stairs while he was drunk and passed out.

"I'm so happy our daughter has a friend in Hawkins, she keeps threatening to get emancipated and leaving us," your mom joked. "I was kidding mom," you said and you motioned Billy to the kitchen island, where everyone was eating lunch.

"She says she's kidding but I think she's thought about it more than once," you stepdad joked, joining in on their idea of funny.

"What are you doing here?" You asked Billy as your mom began putting a plate of food in front of his face. He doesn't answer you but instead begins graciously thanking your mom and step dad for the hospitality. But then you nudge him to get an answer.

"I wanted to see if you wanted to go to the library to work on our project," he said. What game was he playing? Your project was finished a week ago. Why was he trying to get you out of the house on a lazy weekend?

"Oh that would be great," your mom interrupted. "We've noticed she's become very serious about her school work since we've moved here. Is that because of you Billy?"

What?! If anything Billy has become more serious about school work because of *you*.

"She was struggling at her old school, this girl likes to have a lot of fun. So glad she has a friend like you to buckle down and become serious about schoolwork," your stepdad added.

Your mouth drops. "You know- I'm- *I'm like right here?*"

Billy raised his eyebrow at you as he learned this new information, he didn't know that about you. You spent the rest of lunch shoving food into your mouth because your parents seemed to enjoy Billy's company so much. It was as if you weren't even there, they even

talked about you like you weren't. Spilling out little information here and there about you to Billy. Things you didn't want anyone to know.

"All our kids are allowed to drink in the house, but not outside. They're all responsible but this girl takes it to another level," your stepdad started. "We were in her room one day at our old house and we were trying to fix her heater. Did you know what we found?" At this point you were ready to hide yourself in your room and never come out but Billy seemed like he was having a good time. "She had bottles, I mean *a lot* of bottles of different drinks hidden in her closet," your mom said.

Billy's eyes widen and he laughed wildly. "Where did she get them?" "Parties. A restaurant I worked in," you added.

"Wow, I didn't know this side of you," Billy said.

"Yup. Well now you know," you said as you got up to gather your stuff.

"So did she get in trouble?"

"Barely. She supplied our house with booze for future parties for about a year." The room filled with laughter, everyone including yourself laughed. You were throwing on your jacket as you patted Billy's arm. You were ready to leave. By the time Billy said goodbye to your folks you were leaned up against his car outside. Shivering from the cold.

"Your parents are cool," Billy said as he unlocked the car and climbed in. "I'd never be able to get away with shit like that."

"Yeah yeah yeah," you said. "So where are taking me? Since that obviously was a bullshit lie. We finished our project a week ago."

"A secret place," Billy said as he pulled out into the street.

Notes for the Chapter:

Thank you for the patience! Please feel free to leave me your thoughts, I respond to everyone. I've been really busy but I've shifted my focus on this story. I have a lot of chapters already outlined.

5. You Don't Know What Love Is

Billy said nothing about where you two were going the whole ride. It was a total of five minutes of straight jamming to music and the thirty minutes of you pestering him about where he was taking you. At one point you were worried he was going to pull some cruel joke on you and leave you stranded in the woods. But he reassured you that; that wasn't going to happen and when he wouldn't tell you where he was taking you, you decided to become even *more* annoying. It was your speciality. You could always annoy someone into getting your answers.

"I thought you moved here this year too? How could you know of a secret place already?" You looked at the passing trees, there were no signs anywhere and there wasn't even passing cars.

"Because it's a little outside of Hawkins," Billy glanced at your direction but your eyes were drawn to the long line of forest trees you passed.

"You aren't kidnapping me, are you?"

"You're not worth kidnapping," he said with a chuckle as he heard you gasp. "You could probably annoy your way out it."

"So rude," you laughed. You snuck a glance at him. A smile was placed on his face for longer than usual. You looked back out your window seeing the dead leaves scatter everywhere on the ground, the trees were bare and in the distance you spotted a body of water. When the car finally stopped, Billy had parked his car on the most secluded piece of land. He started following a straight trail into the woods, expecting to follow him and at first you refused.

"Come on, *I promise* I'm not going to murder you," he said as he lead the way. You thought '*Sure Billy, that's how all horror movies start*' as you followed him into the woods. "It will be a short hike," he added.

"Yay. A hike in the woods. During Winter. Yay," you said dryly.

The grey sky added enough light for you to see everything. When

Billy finally stopped, you were amazed at your view. You stood on a small cliff that overlooked a lake that wasn't frozen yet. "It's called lovers creek or lovers jump or something. Was it lovers lake? I don't remember, I don't know," he said.

"*Is there anything you do know?*" You didn't even mean to come off snarky, you only needed a quick laugh but it didn't amuse Billy.

"You know most girls would think this is really romantic shit," he started rambling. "And you're just so..."

You burst out laughing clutching your stomach and he stopped talking. "I'm sorry, I just needed to laugh at something or someone. It's beautiful! It's beautiful out here. Why did you bring me here?"

"I don't know, I thought you would like it," he said, shoving his hands into the pockets of his jeans.

"I do, thank you. How do you know about this place? Do you bring your *lovaahs* out here?" You start laughing even more at the thought of Billy being sensitive at all and bringing girls he wanted to hook up with out here.

"Oh my god," you can hear him quietly say under his breath but instead of being annoyed at you he couldn't stop the smile spreading across his face.

"What do you say to them? I see the way girls look at you. What do you do?" You sat down on the giant rock and Billy watched you. You hugged your knees trying to keep warm. You waited for him to reply but become too curious. "So... what do you say to them? '*Hey baby, I wanna be your lover?*'"

Billy's mouth dropped. You don't think anyone has ever talked to him this way before. "*Hey baby?! I want to be your lover?!* Are you serious right now!?"

You couldn't help it, somehow teasing someone like Billy felt enjoyable on both sides. You laughed even more at Billy's insulted facial expression. You had almost fallen over. "Well... What do you say to them? What is your type?"

"I don't know," Billy tried hard to hide his smirk. He knew what does to get with girls. He just didn't want to tell you his secret.

“As long as she has a heartbeat?” It was ridiculous that you were making yourself laugh more than Billy but he didn’t seem offended by anything you said, so you figured you must of been right about him.

“Yeah sure,” he said as he sat down next to you. A gust of wind blew and lightly hit the both of you causing you to shiver and Billy offered his jacket which you then side eye’d him. He was being nice to you despite your constant teasing. You wondered where this kindness came from. You started to wonder if he felt like he owed you for taking care of him or if he felt bad for you because of the things you’ve told him about your pass. But somehow, you knew Billy wasn’t going to say anything about it to other people. His friends don’t seem like the deep intellectual sharing-feelings-type of people anyways.

“Hey don’t act like you’re not guilty too, I’ve heard some of the guys trying to get your number the other day,” his eyes were focused on yours instantly. You tried to remember what he was talking about. What guys? Oh those guys?! “You mean those dorks? Aren’t they *your* friends?”

Billy chuckled. They were his friends, sort of and they did want your number. Something about being a new person in town fascinated them. “That sort of happened to me when I moved to Hawkins too but bitches come and go.”

You turn your head to look at him. You didn’t know why he said that so honestly, especially in front of you. You are, after all a female. You studied Billy’s face, he looked as if he didn’t believe his own words. Something about what he said was deflecting his true emotions on the inside and he was trying to hide it. He finally turned back to look at you. “*What?*”

“Oh, I get it. You’ve never been in love before.”

Notes for the Chapter:

This chapter was going to be longer but I had to cut it. I’m back from the holiday madness. Thanks for the patience.

6. And You? (Outro)

Summary for the Chapter:

A little shortie chapter.

“And you have?!” His voice was heighten with disbelief. Billy was surely offended. You were both the same age but you felt as though you saw things differently than him. He was after all, another teenage boy. “Or you have been but you’re super jaded,” you added. You sort of regretted saying that. It was a little bit dramatic on your part. You didn’t even know Billy well enough to make that assumption but you were so sure of what you said that you shrugged it off a bit.

“Why do you think that?”

You sat for a moment taking in the cool air. You realized that you had enough of the coldness and suggested going back to the car but he asked you again.

“Why do you think that?”

Billy felt an intensity that even he couldn’t hide and you know what it feels like to have someone throw daggers at you with their eyes. It was insulting to him and you knew that. You didn’t know why he got so offended so quickly. When he projects this image of ‘cool, aloof, nonchalant Billy’ as if he didn’t care about anyone or anything. You knew he cared but it was selective and invisible to you.

“I have this feeling we are going to get into a debate and I have to warn you now... I have a lot of energy and will go to the ends of the earth to prove my point,” you said. You hoped he’d back off but you knew better. You started walking down the path back to Billy’s car and he followed. “I still want to know why you think that.”

He wouldn’t stop pestering you, so you gave him your most honest, sugar free opinion. “I heard about you and the way you treat other girls. You’re very hot and cold. You use them as easy sex. That’s what you think of most girls right?” You heard complete silence behind you, so you turned around to see if Billy was still following you. He stood still and quiet.

“There’s nothing wrong with that. Live your life. Whatever.” You tried to not completely sound against him and continued to walk down to the car. “But when you truly have been in love with someone... You don’t even want to be with anyone else after it or if you’re like other people... You can try to fill the emptiness. Maybe you will have a fling with someone else right away to forget about the pain. You don’t even seem like you care about these girls or about anything or anyone. These girls serve no purpose for you. What do you gain from hooking up with them besides popularity and an orgasm? If you truly loved someone at one point. You wouldn’t treat another decent human being as something disposable because they might care about you. Why put someone through that?”

You stopped yourself from rambling. You felt like you were all over the place. Your sugar free opinions weren’t always welcomed even if someone did ask for it. “Whoa. Maybe that was too preachy,” you said out loud to yourself.

The car ride back to Hawkins was painfully quiet. Not even the radio was turned on and you know the rule about touching someone else’s radio... You must of really pissed Billy off. Not once did he look in your direction or at any movement on your side of the car. His eyes were fixed on the long curvy roads leading back to your house.

“You think I’m that way,” he finally spoke. Billy pulled his car into your driveway. The sun was already down early like most winter days.

You hated when people were mad at you but you did it. At an early age, you found your mouth gets you into trouble often anyways. So here we are. You truly thought you finally got Billy so angry he was definitely going to stop being your friend after this but that didn’t stop you from being impulsively honest.

“Because... I think,” you had to gather your thoughts for second.
“You don’t know what love is.”

You gathered your things, opening the passenger door before shutting it you glanced at Billy. His eyes weren’t even on you. They were fixed on his steering wheel.

“Or maybe you’re just like me. You don’t have any good examples of

love."

Notes for the Chapter:

I've had so many stories sitting in my drafts for so long. I procrastinate badly. Yikes. Sometimes I really have zero inspiration and life is rough guys. I don't believe in writing 'through it' because I don't think I should write/publish anything until I'm 100% satisfied even if it's a tiny chapter like this one. Thanks for reading. I didn't expect so many people to like this one. That's motivation enough for me to keep pushing.

7. Bourbon Baby

Summary for the Chapter:

A different side of Billy.

One hot meal. One hot shower and here comes that *unsettling* remorse. **Why did you say that to him?** He's your only friend here! **Nice going.** You sat on your bed, doodling, staring at the ceiling and then you tried reading. You felt those regretful thoughts enter your brain every single time you did something different. You've been on page one of the same book for twenty minutes. You've read it maybe ten times already without remembering what it was about.

That was enough for you. You were feeling impulsive again. You dried your hair and put on your oversized sweater and jacket on top since it was cold. Usually teenagers your age would climb out the window but for some reason your parents don't seem to care what you do. "Hey I'm going to head to the movies, I'll be back in an hour or so."

"Be home by eleven," you heard your mom say behind you.

Just like that you walked right out the front door and while you waited for your car to heat up. You thought of what you were going to say to Billy when you got to his house. All you were going to do is say sorry and drive away and pretend that none of this happened. That should be good right? Keep it simple. Sweet. *Right?* As you drove through the dark unlit roads listening to your favorite Fleetwood Mac cassette tape. Humming along to the melody, you always loved that line.

Players only love you when they're playing.

Ironic. You are literally driving yourself to a 'player's' house to apologize to him for calling him out for being a player. You decided to park your car in front of Billy's on the street. When you walked up his front door, you weren't exactly prepared for what was about to happen next. Without any knocks the door abruptly opened and Billy

rushed right past you. You were dumbfounded. He didn't even notice you, like you were an invisible wall he rushed by. You can hear heavy fast footsteps head towards the front door and a man appear in rage. His face was red, his presence was unwelcoming right off the bat, he looked certainly not ready for any guests. "Can I help you?"

You stood there froze by his question. "Uhh... No. Sorry."

You quickly turned around and rushed to your car. You saw Billy sitting in his car behind yours. You quietly approached him. Even though it was dark you could tell his eyes were filled with tears. His face was red too and then you heard him scream. "FUUUCCCCCKKKKK," his hands banged repeatedly on his steering wheel in a fit of rage. It frightened you. You stood there for a moment. You felt bewildered by that short tense moment you caught glimpse of. Yet you felt compelled to stay. You knew in situations like this, there was nothing to say.

"*My fucking keys,*" Billy muttered under his breath. You didn't know what to say or do. You felt like helping Billy anyways. "*He took my fucking keys.*" Billy rested his head against the top of his steering wheel. You gave it a minute, you were ready to turn around. Maybe right now wasn't the right time to be around him. Maybe he wanted space and then you heard him roll down the window. "What are you doing here?" He sounded defeated but his voice was still stern at the same time.

"I came by to apologize to you. I had no right to-

"It's okay," Billy said, cutting you off. That caught you off guard. You thought Billy would be at least a little mad at you for sure. "So you aren't mad at me?"

"No. Maybe you're right," Billy took his head off the steering wheel and wiped his eyes quickly with the back sleeve of his shirt. He didn't even have a jacket on and you saw him shiver a bit and then you remembered you had something that would warm him up right away. You walked away and opened your car door, looking in your bag for it. Your hand touching the bottom of the messy handbag and finally you found it. You turned around and walked back to Billy with it in your hand.

"Well, I still feel bad," you said.

When Billy realized what it was, he let out a little chuckle. You

presented him with a tiny bottle of Jim Beam which only had a little left in it. When Billy gave you that amazed, confused, and amused look you couldn't help but smile awkwardly back at him. "For emergencies," you said as you passed him the bottle. "Here take it. You look like you need it."

You watch him chug it so quickly. He took it like a champ but also grimace at its own alcoholic sting. Billy stared at the bottle before asking, "Did you steal that too?" He smiled for a quick second before returning back to his stone cold expression.

"Only from my parents bar downstairs," you smiled.

"You showed up at the right time," he said. *Really?* Because you didn't exactly believe that. You felt like you saw something you weren't suppose to see. To be frank, it felt a little weird but there was something in Billy you haven't seen in him before. **Vulnerability**. Unless you count the night he was passed out at your house. Which you don't. Even if it was in a short moment. Here he was his eyes red and once filled with tears. You even watched him rush past you and scream in his car. It was all really dramatic and yet you didn't run from it like you would of in any tense situation like you've had in the past. You wanted to comfort him because he was your friend. "So you gonna go back in?"

He shook his head. "What are you gonna do? Stay out here all night?"

Billy didn't answer and you were really beginning to feel bad for him because you understood what this felt like before.

"It's freezing," you said, trying to get a word out of him. A minute passed and you were shivering standing in front of Billy's car door. "Let's go for ride," you said eagerly.

"Sorry, I didn't mean to sound so excited like I was talking to one of my dogs," you said and Billy laughed. You wanted *desperately* to make him laugh. Any form of comfort to provide him. "But let's get out of here."

You turned around and walked towards your car but didn't hear the

faint squeak of Billy's car door open or any movement behind you.
"You're gonna freeze out here. Let's gooooo."

Somehow Billy gave in to your order and when he got into your passenger seat you looked him over one more time. "You ran out the house without a jacket? In this weather? You must be pissed."

Notes for the Chapter:

I have to apologize again for being so slow about posting. I really wanted to develop their friendship but not pack it into one giant chapter. Each chapter is a slight change of color in their friendship like how hydrangeas bloom in the summer time.

8. Pale Blue Eyes

You didn't exactly know where to drive to. Hawkins was still a new town for you. You pulled into the student parking lot of Hawkins High and sat under a dimly lit light. You didn't even think this place was a good place to hang out on the weekend but it was the only place no one would check on the weekends. It wasn't like local cops drove around checking this area anyway. "You can talk if you want. I'll just listen or you don't have to say anything," you said.

You knew what it was like. What you saw in front of you. You began to remember why it felt so familiar to you. Why it froze you and frighten you a bit. The anger between Billy and who you assumed was his father. That intense feeling doesn't disappear when you're around it. It lingers with you. You were glad Billy was in your car even if he sat there quietly for what felt like endless hours. You didn't want to force Billy to say anything, you knew that it wasn't the right way. So you turned on the radio and a classic played. It was one of your favorite songs by the Velvet Underground.

As you heard the sadness in the voice of Lou Reed sing:

*I thought of you as my mountain top
I thought of you as my peak
I thought of you as everything I couldn't have I couldn't keep*

You enjoyed the melancholy mood the song gave it. It was bit relaxing. You closed your eyes and rested your head against the your cold driver's window. You felt a pair of eyes watch you as you listen. You always knew when he was staring at you and you peaked a bit before opening your eyes again giving Billy a smile. "What? I like this song."

A couple minutes past and you finally heard him speak. "So you preach about love like you've experienced it before? Have you?" He was back. In that tone, again. Not the upset tone he was in, in front of his house but the Billy you knew.

“I thought I was in love but what do I know? I’m just a dumb teenage girl. Anyway, he was much older than me... In retrospect the relationship was not age appropriate at all. I was blind. It wasn’t sexual. It ended and I was devastated for a long time. I’ll keep it short,” you said trying to not erupt any emotion within you. It was still a touchy subject but after months of rationalizing your own feelings you were able to see things for they really were. He wasn’t ever yours even if you both believed it. He wasn’t ever right for you and you weren’t really in love with him. You loved the impossible image you projected on to him. Don’t forget, everything was always your fault in his eyes. Don’t forget that he sneaked down to you in a way you would never allow someone to speak to you like that. That relationship destroyed your self esteem.

“Did you love him?” You were surprised by Billy’s question, it shook you from your thoughts. You didn’t think he would take any interest in your love life.

Most guys his age, don’t.

I loved him a lot but I don’t think I was in love with him even when I did thought I was. I don’t think it was the right kind of love. This song reminds me of him.”

Linger on... your pale blue eyes.

The five minute song was over and a single tear rolled down your right cheek. Those feelings of loss love came back and left in those five minutes. Even with your eyes closed, you knew Billy was staring at you. In that dimly lit parking lot, your tear didn’t go unnoticed. You wanted to change the subject before he’d asked more questions, You wiped your tear away quickly, shaking that haunting feeling. “I feel sort of wrong for lecturing you the other day. I was just being that nagging friend, challenging you. I need to remind myself to stop doing that to people. Not everyone likes a debate. After all, It’s your business. Even what happened tonight... What I saw or what I didn’t see. You don’t have to talk about it if you don’t want to... but I’m

here if you do.”

You waited for Billy to say anything but he didn’t. He stared idly at your glove compartment like he was deep into his own thoughts.

“Open it,” you instructed Billy and that snapped him from his daze. As he opened it he wasn’t sure what he was looking at. He pulled a red tin box out. “Open the tin box.” It was a empty cookie box you got for Christmas, after you ate all the cookies you used it for a variety of things. When Billy opened the box his eyes widen in shock. “You’re driving around with a ziplock bag full of weed in your car? *Is this normal for you?*”

You wanted to laugh at Billy’s reaction badly and you ended up doing it. He was in such a state of shock whatever he was thinking about was out of his mind now

“I forgot it in my car when we moved here.” He pulled out the bag.
“How could you forget *THIS* much?”

“We can smoke some later this week. Not tonight,” you said.

“What if you got caught with this?”

“Well, if your glove compartment is locked and you get pulled over. They need a warrant to search it,” you said.

“But yours wasn’t locked at all,” Billy stated.

“My bad, I forgot.”

Usually if this was your old town you’d worry about a passing cop car or a nosy neighbor seeing you guys. But you were pretty sure there were like only a one sheriff and a small police department so you didn’t worry. You knew no one was going to see you this late in the evening. It was Saturday night and you didn’t see any packed cars at small clubs or bars while you drove through town. It was truly a boring town but it was also still Winter. You assumed no one left their house on the weekends. Oh wait, that’s just you.

The time passed and you sang along to the songs that played on the late PM radio. Billy kept asking you question about the older guy you dated and to avoid detail questions about him you’d say his true identity was Elvis Presley and when Billy asked again. You’d change it and say he was really James Dean. “You can read all about my ex

boyfriend on those vintage magazines, if you want to know about him.”

“You are crazy,” said Billy. You looked at the clock on your dashboard and it was 10:50PM. “Shoot. I have to go...”

The vibe in the car changed fast. You didn’t want to admit it but you didn’t want to take Billy home. Not only were you enjoying each other’s company, you knew you would be worried, trying to fall asleep tonight, if you dropped him off. Wondering if he was all right. You didn’t exactly know what the circumstances were or what his family situation was like but you felt like you had a hint. You had a feeling.

“Stay at my house,” you said adamantly. Billy eyes widen in surprise and this was the first time tonight you saw him grin. “You must have your hopes up since I asked you to stay at my place. *Don’t even think about it.* Whatever you’re thinking, *it won’t happen.*” You words were fast and strong. You meant them. You thought of the possibilities of this situation.

1. Bring Billy home to face whatever shit storm going on in his house (which would give you a guilty conscious) but you would still be home on time.

2. Do whatever you want (not that you don’t already do that). Stay in this empty parking lot for hours and come home whenever.

3. Sneak Billy into your house and let him sleep over.

4. Explain to your mom what went down and somehow they’ll end up getting involved in what seems already complicated cause you weren’t exactly sure what happened either?????

You were sure you were in your right mind when you picked option three. You didn’t know if you were trying to be brave and help a friend. Or using your unearned confidence to do whatever you wanted and still help a friend. Worst comes to worst, if your mom finds out, you can always be honest. Despite what anyone says about you *and oh how you knew what they said and thought about you.* People admire your honesty because when shit hits the fan and something bad happens... You were always honest with your mom. You couldn’t contain it. Even if it meant you were gonna end up being in trouble, even if it meant admitting you made a big mistake. Your mom valued

it and somehow manage to let you live. That's not to say you've never been punished before but your mom has always treated you like an adult.

"You think your beds gonna be enough room or can I sleep in the guest bedroom?"

Billy was unbelievable.

"No, you can sleep on the floor."

9. Lost Kitten

Summary for the Chapter:

Continued.

“Be really quiet,” you instructed Billy before entering your house. You made him take his shoes off so the sound of footsteps wouldn’t be heard. As you snuck Billy into your house and up the stairs you could recall all the nights you’ve done this with your exes. You were beginning to have flashbacks of your wild days. When you both successfully got into your room, you locked the door immediately. Heading to your closet to grab a sleeping bag, extra blankets and a pillow for Billy. You didn’t even know what possessed you to sneak a boy into the house after you promised your mom several times you’d stop being this way. You knew one thing for sure, you felt bad for Billy. The sense of responsibility swept over you. You had an ounce of care towards him. You let him use your bathroom, even gave him your clothes from your older brother that was left in boxes in the hallway closet.

“I don’t know why my mom doesn’t just send my siblings their stuff. They don’t even live here,” you said quietly while patting your wet face with a towel. You sat at your vanity applying some nighttime cream as Billy laid on the floor with his fingers laced together. You gave him every extra pillow, every thick comforter you could find in the darkness. He looked like he ready for his funeral, the way he laid there, his long lashes resting on top of his reddened cheeks. You were jealous because your lashes weren’t nearly that long and you quietly huffed to yourself.

Barely any shadows casted against the walls of your room. Only the light from your alarm clock illuminated around your bed stand. The curtains were drawn and there weren’t any street lights on your street

shining through them. Only the moon's light peaked through in small bits. You said goodnight to Billy and as you got into bed. He didn't make a single sound and he didn't look like he was sleeping either. You began drifting to sleep when you heard a cough from Billy which caused you to open your eyes. For a moment you forgot he was there. "You're still awake?"

"You've only been asleep for like 5 minutes," Billy said quietly. A few minutes pass and you hear him cough again. Annoyed, your eyes opened again. "You good or something?"

"I'm curious about something," Billy began.

"Mmhmm?" You tried listening as your eyes drifted to sleep.

"I'm curious about you," he said. But you were too tired to read between the lines. You didn't think he meant anything by it. Instead you drifted off to sleep.

The next morning you sat up in your bed, your hair wild, face probably crusty. You jumped when you saw Billy sitting in the corner of your room. He had the blankets folded neatly and pillows stacked on top of them. In your morning fog, you had forgotten he was here. You quickly covered your chest incase there was a nip slip and then remembered you were wearing a giant t-shirt so it wouldn't matter. You could hear movement outside of your bedroom, in the hallway, it was loud and chaotic. You motioned Billy to stay hidden as you opened your bedroom door. "What are you guys doing so loudly? This early?"

You rubbed your eyes seeing your stepdad carrying two suite cases down the stairs. "Are you guys going somewhere?"

"Morning, we thought you'd still be asleep by the time we left," your

stepdad said. You walked down the stairs, trying to get an answer to all the ruckus. You looked at the luggage sat at the front door, with the front door wide open, letting the cool air flow through the first floor of the house. “Don’t you remember hunny? We’re going to Florida for a week for work.” You struck her a confused look. You were pretty sure they didn’t tell you. “We told you weeks ago. Anyhow, we left money for groceries, you can buy them yourself, and you know all the emergency numbers. Take care of your dogs,” your mom said as she appeared from the kitchen.

“We’re late, we gotta catch our flight. Call your friends if you’re lonely. But you know the dogs will protect you. Also you know horror movies aren’t realistic, we’ve taken you to so many classes for so many things, maybe one of them will come in handy in case.” You knew your mom was kidding.

You started to understand where your sense of weirdness came from. “Does fencing teach you how to maneuver away from a robber? Wait you took a karate class before right?” Your stepdad was now chiming in. “Not funny,” you said crankily.

“Hunny we gotta rush if we want to make this flight.” Your mom quickly gave you kiss and your stepdad handed you spare keys and money for the week. It’s not like you weren’t use to taking care of yourself. You were the youngest after all. You just felt like sometimes your mom was over raising children. You were kind of an independent child. Once you saw their car speed off you called up the stairs to Billy. “BILLLLLLLYYYYYY,” you said and he appeared. Even though you haven’t passed a mirror yet this morning, you knew his hair looked a little better than yours, you were sure of it. “Did you hear all of that?”

“Yeah,” he smiled.

“Ugh they’re so odd sometimes,” you said walking to the kitchen, you poured yourself and Billy a bowl of cereal, you guys sat quietly crunching away. Last night was like a dream completely washed away until you realized it was real. You wondered what Billy would go home too. He stayed quiet the morning, anxiously awaiting when he’d have to go home. When you drove Billy home, you both sat in the car for a couple minutes before Billy finally decided to face the consequences. You told Billy if he needed a place to stay, he was always welcomed at your house or he could call you for ride to which he said, “You never answer the phone.”

“Ohh... true.” He laughed at your honesty.

“Well, if I don’t answer, steal your little sister’s bike and you can pedal that thing to my house and you can stay over.”

You both laughed and then Billy glanced at his house and then his smile faded. Finally he said, “I’ll see you later.”

In boy terminology later meant anything from tomorrow, to next month so you weren’t too concerned. This weekend you decided to spend your time alone in typical ‘you’ fashion. Giant shirts, no pants, blasting music, smoking pot on the porch and dancing through out the house. You were being the ultimate loner and it suited you. After all, you only knew a handful of people at Hawkins and you weren’t interested in making friends here. You knew eventually after some good behavior your mother would probably let you live with your aunt and go to school on the East Coast again. Then you will go back to your old ways, skipping school to go to the city, and to concerts at night.

After several hours of dancing and having the munchies... You began watching you Halloween, a classic favorite. You loved it yourself but you never understood why the bastard didn’t die. You knew it was just a movie and you’ve seen it several times. It wasn’t frightening

before but after tonight it was starting to creep you out. You were home alone in a big new house by yourself for the entire week. The quietness of the neighborhood was starting to bother you and paranoia crept in. You started hearing a couple quiet knocks which instantly gave you goosebumps causing you to jump. You looked at the backdoor, couldn't be that. It must be the front door, whoever it was why didn't they just ring the door bell?

The knocking continued and you knew inevitably you'd have to answer the door or your dogs will start barking. Once you gathered the courage to open the front door, you saw that there was no one there. It was pitch black except for the lights shinning through your neighbors window. With a sudden shout of your name, Billy jumps out at you, coming out of no where. "Holy fuck! What the hell Billy?" You smacked his arm hard for scaring you. He had this stupid smirk on his face and suddenly last night Billy was long gone. "We have a door bell!"

Billy's eyes drifted to your legs as he saw you weren't wearing any pants. His eyes widen but his smirk never left, which you instantly caught on. "If guys can do it, I can too. You guys, will be hanging out with your junk all in view but I can't?" You stormed off to the living room, quickly getting under a throw blanket. After Billy greeted your dogs he stepped into the living room, he saw what you were watching and his clever little mouth said. "Did you think a murderer was at your door?"

"No, murderers know how to use the door bell," you said dryly. He sat down across from you laughing at your clear annoyance.

"So this is what you plan on doing on your weekends?" Billy examined your surroundings, snacks everywhere, dogs lounging lazily next to you, pillows scattered all over the floor and couches. With Halloween playing in the background, he worried if he really did spook you for a moment.

“And what about it?” You didn’t want to admit it but you were really spooked. Only by surprises not actually what occurs. If dishes shifted in the sink loudly your heart would skip a beat because it was unexpected. Billy stared at you for a moment as you watched the tv screen. “Why don’t you come out tonight? There’s a party at-”

“Noooo, I’m good,” you interrupted. You were perfectly content with spending the weekend in, even if it was a bit lonely. You finally had the house to yourself.

“Come on, come out to the party. Looking at you, makes me sad... for you,” Billy laughed. Your eyes darted at him. Why was he becoming so annoying to you?

“Ughhh, why is it so important that I come out? So what if I want to be antisocial on a weekend? Any Hawkins party is probably lame,” you huffed, grabbing a handful of cheetos before grubbing on them. “Well, if you’re gonna be like that... I guess I’m gonna have to hang out here for the night,” Billy said, walking into your kitchen to grab a drink. Did he just invite himself into your antisocial weekend? And okay, you knew you said earlier it was okay for him to come over but doesn’t Billy have other friends? Like guy friends? You didn’t understand why kept himself around you, he sort of reminded you of stray cat. You showed him kindness once maybe a few times and he returns to you for care. You would be a fool and a liar to think that somehow didn’t care about him too.

Notes for the Chapter:

I'm trying to return to my writing. <3

10. Acquainted

That Monday at school you had something lingering on your mind. You kept wondering why you had taken a liking to Billy? He was after all, cocky, a jerk from what you heard from others and sometimes you've seen it with your own eyes. Egotistical, handsome and used his charms to manipulate other females. Yet every time he spends time at your house, you don't see those things. You shook your head. "He's just a friend," you remind yourself. Completely trying to erase the memories of him giving you that cigarette, kissing you, getting drunk, crying in front of you, and falling asleep on your bedroom floor. Those slightly eventful moments will be added to your list of other things you've seen your friends do back home. The times you had to drive your drunk friends home, the time you held your friends hair when she threw up, and the other times where you'd let someone share your last cigarette only to have them drop it off a 2nd floor balcony by accident. Let's say you've had your fair share of youthful memories.

The day was going by slowly. You only saw Billy during one class and passing. Each time a familiar faced girl was with him. She had blonde curls and a really cool jacket you saw at the mall the other day. You thought, Billy's at it again. As you sat in the library during your free period completely in your own world, someone decided to disturb you. He stood in front the table you were reading at. His fitted jeans and stance were recognizable, you looked up to see Steve Harrington.

"Uh, hey," he said sitting down in front of you and you half awkwardly smiled and greeted him. You went back to the pages of your book and you hear him cough.

"Can I help you?"

"Uh yeah... So like don't take this the wrong way or anything but I

was working in the main office and I saw your transfer file.” He stammered to continue on without stepping on your toes. “You’ve gone to a lot of nice schools on the East Coast....and your grades vary.”

“And what about it?” You looked up at him unsure if you should be compliment or slightly insulted at the invasion of privacy.

“Well, there were some notes from past teachers attached and they all say the same thing. That you’re very intelligent but you don’t seem to care. Also that you don’t pay attention in class.” Honestly up until this point you thought Steve Harrington was a nice guy. Was he trying to annoy you today?

“Can you get to the point?” You asked irritated.

“I was wondering if you could tutor me in biology. I could get some nerd to help but I don’t think anyone really likes me right now.”

“That’s... all you wanted to ask me?” You expected something more grand with all his rambling but you agree to help him. You tell Steve to meet you at your house after school to study and told him what he needed to bring with him.

When Steve arrived to your house he was totally dazzled by your friendly dogs. Sitting on the floor to pet them and play with them. You decided to study in the dinning room, setting up in there with your books, notes, and such. Steve followed you into the room his eyes wandering around, reading the room.

“Is this you as a kid?” He stared up a god awful picture of you on the

dinning room wall. You had a bowl cut hairstyle, that your mom gave every child in your family and you remember crying every time she gave you a hair cut.“You look like that guy...”

“What guy?” You sat your things on the dinning room table.

“That guy... you know... from The Beatles,” he said.

Sheer horror struck your mind. “George Harrison?! You think I look like George Harrison?!”

Steve cracks up at your heighten reaction. “Get out,” you pointed at the door and couldn’t contain your own laughter even though you tried to be serious. “Get out of my house.”

Steve put his books on the table and raised his hands in defense.

“Okay so I went through some ugly phases. Get over it,” you laughed and sat down next to Steve.

“I didn’t say you were ugly,” Steve said.

“...You just said I looked like George Harrison,” you crumpled up a piece of paper and bounced it off Steve’s head. “Okay, let’s get to work.”

A couple hours of you shoving snacks into your mouth and arguing with Steve about things that make total sense to you but doesn’t to him... Reminded you about how much you lacked patience. For a second you wondered why you even agreed to tutor Steve and if you would be able to be a teacher? Both answers were negative. Every time Steve used the argument “it doesn’t make sense” you’d take that crumpled up piece of paper and bounce it off his forehead and he’d just accept it. You were vexed. Because you knew you had to be

kinder and more patience but a part of you felt like Steve was acting this way on purpose. After a while, when Steve started understanding the material you'd reward him by throwing a cheese puff into his mouth which he missed 40% off the time.

You heard a the doorbell and a small bark come out of one of your dogs. It was about 6pm and you thought it was the pizza you ordered but it wasn't. It was Billy. He looked pretty cheeky with a smile plastered on his face like he just got some ass or something. "Hey what's up?"

"I felt like stopping by... I saw a car in your driveway that wasn't your parents. Do you actually have a guest over?" He was basically asking if you had friends? Which would be funny to you if it weren't so accurate. It kind of hurt. You really only got along with a few people in Hawkins which was vastly different from your old school. Billy started laughing when he saw your blank stare. In Billy fashion, let himself in as usual and he immediately looks around to see who was in the dinning room.

"Harrington?" His jaw clenched immediately right after.

Steve stood up silently from the table. Their eyes locked and Billy's cheeky smile turned into a glare.

"Oh. Billy, come on in," you said dryly, you went to sit back down your eyes were fixed on the work in front of you. You were trying to figure out a way to explain something complicated to Steve. "You guys know each other right?"

When you didn't hear them respond you looked up. They seemed to be in a staring match. "Sit down Billy, we're studying."

"No, I'm good." Billy turned around and walked out the front door. You glanced up at his strange behavior.

“That was weird,” Steve sat back down at the dinning room table. You glanced up at him briefly.

Before Steve could say anything to you the doorbell rang again. This annoyed you, you hated the sound of any ringing, the bell, the phone, etc. It was probably because you spent one summer being your uncles secretary and all you did was answer his phone calls. You quickly learned that you hated answering to anyone, let alone answering the phone. This time when you got up and opened the door. Hoping it was the pizza delivery guy because your stomach was starting to crave ‘real’ food. It was Billy again. He walked right by you into your house to the dinning room. “Hi Billy.”

He pulled a chair out from the dinning room table and sat directly across from Steve. His eyes were fixed and there was a moment of intensity between them as you stood there. There eyes were fixed on each other as if you weren’t even there. “Do you guys have a problem with each other?”

No one answers you. “Why are you guys staring at each other like that?” It felt like you were watching a national geographic picture come to life. They ignored you again.

“I thought we were going to act like that night didn’t happen Harrington.”

Steve sat their as puzzled as you but then he said, “We are.”

“So what are you doing here Harrington?”

“She’s tutoring me Billy,” Steve said looking at Billy like he’s an idiot.

They both looked like they were in heat like lions except they were both male lions. You only ever felt this intensity filled a room once with an ex boyfriend right before you two had sex. “Oh wow... I get

it now. You guys are together aren't you?"

You see Steve's eyebrows sort of wrinkle but they don't break their staredown. "That's not it," he said confused.

"Well, I noticed it a while ago when I'd have conversations with both of you in the halls, separately in passing... You both would trash talk each other every time one of you passed. Sort of the way you trash talk an ex you hate. And now you both haven't stopped staring at each other for a couple minutes."

Billy squeezed his eyes shut before looking at you with the biggest 'what the hell?' expression. "How could you...? Possibly think we're together? We're not gay."

"All I know is I've dealt with bisexual guys before at my old school and dated one... and well....You guys seem way into each other."

Their mouths drop, their heads turn in your direction, they looked at you with horror, shock and confusion before you started laughing your ass off. You laughed so hard that you nearly fell on the floor, holding onto the chair in front of you. They looked so bewildered at your assumption and accusations they completely stopped staring at each other. They just watched as you clutch your stomach and then the door bell rang again. You knew in your hungry state that your hopes have finally been fulfilled when the pizza delivery guy came. You answered the door a bit giddy when you returned to the table. Both of them looked at you like you were nuts. "It was a joke guys! Come on... but low-key is there something going on that I don't know about? There's nothing wrong with being a little gay!"

Steve started to get red and said, "Let's just go back to studying." Billy was starting to look embarrassed too but you could tell it was because of you not Steve.

“You know what? Fine. You guys don’t have to tell me I’ll just go on thinking you’re both secretly into each other. I mean look at all the tension in here.” You place opened the box of pizza, grabbing a piece before heading to the kitchen to grab dishes and napkins. You were having too much fun teasing them. You’d rather do that than sit in a room with two people who were confused by your words. Than sit in a room with two people who looked like they were going to fight each other in your house.

The rest of the night went on kind of strangely. After eating, Billy went to the living room to watch tv while you continued to help Steve study. When it was getting late you walked Steve to the door, reexplaining the same thing you explained to him already. “Okay I got it, I got this. Yeah,” he said. His eyes drifted towards the living room where Billy was laying on the couch. He sort of pointed in Billy’s direction with the book in his hand. “Shouldn’t he be leaving too?”

“I know honestly.... its like he lives here,” you laughed it off saying goodnight to Steve.

You weren’t exactly sure why Billy was over in the first place. You knew he liked hanging out at your house but tonight he looked so comfortable on your couch like he had no plans on leaving. So you decide to you ask him straight out a couple questions. “So what’s your beef with Steve?”

His eyes glanced from the tv to yours. You sat down at the end of the couch waiting for him to response but he wasn’t budgeting. So you slapped his leg playfully. “Come on Billy! Why so silent?”

He took a deep breath before and looked down. “You probably won’t...” He started. “I can’t even... I can’t explain exactly what happened because it doesn’t even make sense to me but yeah Harrington and I got into a fist fight. Things got really bad between

us. I don't even remember all of it."

You remembered the night you ran into Steve at the party and him warning you about Billy. He had told you about the fight but both guys didn't go into detail of what happened. You guessed they both wanted to forget about it. "We just avoid each other I guess. I didn't expect to see him at your house," he said.

It kind of made sense now. It also seemed really dramatic, but you knew guys this age were sort of like that.

"So you like Steve or something?"

This bold question took you by surprise. Why would he care? It's not really any of his business but if he was looking out for a friend he could have just said so.

"No," you answered immediately. "He's cool, I don't really know him like that. I don't really know a lot of people in Hawkins like that and maybe I don't want to."

You knew in your mind you wanted to be back home. For the past couple of weeks you thought of a plan. Be a good child here, get good grades, look like the perfect student and somehow convince your mom of that. Persuade her into letting you live with your aunton the East Coast or something and graduate there. Then you could get old life back, see your friends, and party in the city. You let Billy in on your grand plan. At first Billy loved your plan to return to your old life but like a light the brightness from his eyes switched off, when you mention how you didn't care to make friends in Hawkins anymore. In the beginning you wanted them but what's the point? You were going to try you hardest to leave this temporarily place behind. You quickly read his reaction and said, "When you graduate, you should come to New York City. I'll probably end up there anyway and you should try to find me."

You gripped his arm kindly trying to encourage him to go with your crazy plan. You had a soft spot for Billy, it was undeniable. Your friendship did mean something to you and as if he was already reading your mind he asks you, “Why are we friends?”

Billy’s eyes caught yours. You were taken back by his question and then many questions began flooding your own mind. “What do you mean?”

Author's Note:

Hi, I finally made a tumblr again after all these years. Feel free to follow my thought process or ask me any questions on my stories! <https://irrelevantlol.tumblr.com/>